ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

Our sires were thankful when the year
At harvest brought abundant cheer,
Brought them the increase of their fields,
The bounty of the soil;
They gladly took what Nature yields
As recompense for toil.

More thankful that it was their lot,
To number mercies all unbought,
To owe submission to no love
But Him who rules above,
And cheerfully obey His word
In reverence and love.

Their simple wants brought little care,
A modest home and frugal fare,
Met fully every heart's desire,
When those who had gone away
Could gather round the old home fire
Upon Thanksgiving day.

Our homes than theirs are stateller far,
Our robes of richer fabric are,
But do we, glad for these, afford
More thankfulness than they
When we meet around a groaning board
Upon Thanksgiving day?

—Isaac Bassett Choate.

HETTY'S THANKSGIVING.

How She Found an Absent Lover and a Little Namesake.

THANKSGIVING day dawned clearly and frostily upon the little village of Castleton Hollow. The stage which connected daily with the nearest railroad station—for, as yet, Castleton Hollow had not arrived at the dignity of one of its own—came fully freighted both inside and out. There were children and children's children, who, in the pursuit of fortune, had strayed away from the homes where they first saw the light, but who were now returning to revive around the old familiar hearth the associations and recollections of their early days.

Great were the preparations among the housewives of Castleton Hollow. That must indeed be a poor household which, on this occasion, could not boast its turkey and plum pudding, those well-established dishes, not to mention its long row of pies—apple, mince and pumpkin—wherewith the Thanksgiving board is wont to be garnished.

But it is not of the households generally that I propose to speak. Let the reader accompany me in imagination to a rather prim-looking brick mansion situated on the principal street, but at some distance back, being separated from it by a front yard. Between this yard and the fence ran a prim-looking hedge of very formal cut, being cropped in the most careful manner, lest one twig should by chance have the presumption to grow higher than its kindred. It was a two-story house, containing on each story one room on either side of the front door, making, of course, four in all.

If we go in we shall find the outward primness well supported by the appearance of things within. In the front parlor—we may peep through the door, but it would be high treason, in the present moistened state of our boots, to step within its sacred precincts—there

MISS HETTY BEGAN TO THINK.

are six high-backed chairs standing in state, two at each window. One can easily see from the general arrangement of the furniture that from romping children, unceremonious kittens and unhallowed intruders generally this room is most sacredly guarded.

Without speaking particularly of the other rooms, which, though not furnished in so stately a manner, bear a family resemblance to "the best-room," we will usher the reader into the opposite room, where we will find the owner and occupant of this prim-looking residence.

Miss Hetty Henderson is a maiden of some thirty-five summers, attired in a sober-looking dress of irreproachable neatness but most formal cut. She is the only occupant of the house, of which likewise she is the proprietor. Her father, who was the village physician, died some ten years since, leaving to Hetty, or perhaps I should give her full name, Henrietta, his only child, the house in which he lived, and some four thousand dollars in bank stock, or the income of which she lived comfortably.

Somehow Miss Hetty had never married, though, such is the mercenary nature of man, the rumor of her inheritance brought to her feet several suitors. But Miss Hetty had resolved never to marry—at least, this was her invariable answer to matrimonial offers, and so after a time it came to be understood that she was fixed for life an old maid. What reasons impelled her to this course were not known, but possibly the reader will be furnished with a clue before he finishes this narrative.

Meanwhile, the invariable effect of a single and solitary life combined attended Hetty. She grew precise, prim and methodical to a painful degree. It would have been quite a relish if one could have detected a stray thread even upon her well-swept carpet, but such was never the case.

On this particular day—this Thanksgiving day of which we are speaking—Miss Hetty had completed her culinary preparations, that is, she had stuffed her turkey and put it in the oven, and kneaded her pudding, for, though but one would be present at the dinner, and that herself, her conscience would not have acquitted her if she had not made all the preparations to which she had been accustomed on such occasions.

This done, she sat down to her knitting, casting a glance every now and then at the oven to make sure that all was going on well. It was a quiet morning, and Miss Hetty began to think to the clicking of her knitting needles.

"After all," thought she, "it's rather solitary taking dinner alone, and that on Thanksgiving day. I remember a long time ago, when my father was living, and my brothers and sisters, what a merry time we used to have round the table. But they are all dead, and I—I alone am left!"

Miss Hetty sighed, but after awhile the recollections of these old times returned. She tried to shake them off, but they had a fascination about them after all, and would not go at her bidding.

"There used to be another there," thought she, "Nick Anderson. He, too, I fear is dead."

Hetty heaved a thoughtful sigh, and a faint color came into her cheeks. She had reason. This Nicholas Anderson had been a medical student, apprenticed to her father, or rather placed with him to be prepared for his profession. He was, perhaps, a year older than Hetty, and had regarded her with more than ordinary warmth of affection. He had, in fact, proposed to her, and had been conditionally accepted, on a year's probation. The trouble was, he was a little disposed to be wild, and being naturally of a lively and careless temperament, did not exercise sufficient discrimination in the choice of his associates. Hetty had loved him as warmly as one of her nature could love. She was not one who would be drawn away beyond the dictates of reason and judgment by the force of affection. Still, it was not without a feeling of deep sorrow—deeper than her calm manner led him to suspect—that at the end of the year's probation she informed Anderson that the result of his trial was not favorable to his suit, and that henceforth he must give up all thoughts of her.

To his vehement asseverations, promises and protestations she returned the same steady and inflexible answer, and at the close of the interview he left her quite as full of indignation against her as of grief for his rejection.

That night his clothing was packed up and lowered from the window, and when the next morning dawned it was found that he had left the house, and, as was intimated in a slight note penciled and left on the table in his room, never to return again.

While Miss Henderson's mind was far back in the past, she had not observed the approach of a man, shabbily attired, accompanied by a little girl, apparently some eight years of age. The man's face bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance, and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather.

"This is the place, Henrietta," said the traveler at length, pausing at the head of the graveled walk which led up to the front door of the prim-looking brick house.

Together they entered, and a moment afterwards, just as Miss Hetty was preparing to lay the cloth for dinner a knock sounded through the house.

"Goodness!" said Miss Hetty, flustered, "who can it be that wants to see me at this hour?"

Smoothing down her apron, and giving a look at the glass to make sure that her hair was in order, she hastened to the door.

"Will it be asking too much, madam, to request a seat by your fire for myself and little girl for a few moments? It is very cold."

Miss Hetty could see that it was cold. Somehow, too, the appealing expression of the little girl's face touched her, so she threw the door wide open and bade them enter.

Miss Hetty went on preparing the table for dinner. A most delightful odor issued from the oven, one door of which was open, lest the turkey should overdo. Miss Hetty could not help observing the wistful glances cast by the little girl toward the tempting dish as she placed it on the table.

"Poor little creature," thought she, "I suppose it is a long time since she had a good dinner."

Then the thought struck her: "Here I am alone to eat all this. There is plenty enough for half a dozen. How much these poor people would relish it."

By this time the table was arranged.

"Sir," said she, turning to the traveler, "you look as if you were hungry as well as cold. If you and your little daughter would like to sit up, I would be happy to have you."

"Thank you, madam," was the grateful reply. "We are hungry, and shall be much indebted to you for your kindness."

It was rather a novel situation for Miss Hetty, sitting at the head of the table, dispensing food to others beside herself. There was something rather agreeable about it.

"Will you have some of the dressing, little girl—I have to call you that, for I don't know your name," she added, in an inquiring tone.

"Her name is Henrietta, but I generally call her Hetty," said the traveler.

"What?" said Miss Hetty, dropping the spoon in surprise.

"She was named after a very dear friend of mine," said he, sighing.

"May I ask," said Miss Hetty, with excusable curiosity, "what was the name of this friend? I begin to feel quite an interest in your little girl," she added.

"Her name was Henrietta Henderson," said the stranger.

"Why, that is my name," ejaculated the lady.

"And she was named after you," said the stranger, composedly.

"Why, who in the world are you?" she asked, her heart beginning to beat unwontedly fast.

"Then you don't remember me?" said he, rising, and looking steadily at Miss Hetty. "Yet you knew me well in by-

IT WAS RATHER A NOVEL SITUATION.

gone days—none better. And it was at one time thought you would have joined your destiny to mine—"

"Nick Anderson," said she, rising in confusion.

"You are right. You rejected me, because you did not feel secure of my principles. The next day, in despair at your refusal, I left the house, and, before forty-eight hours had passed, was on my way to India. I had not formed the design of going to India in particular, but in my then state of mind I cared not whither I went. One resolution I formed, that I would prove by my conduct that your apprehensions were ill-founded. I got into a profitable business. In time I married—not that I had forgotten you, but that I was solitary and needed companionship. I had ceased to hope for yours. By and by a daughter was born. True to my old love I named her Hetty, and pleased myself with the thought that she bore some resemblance to you. Since then, my wife has died, misfortunes have come upon me, and I found myself deprived of all my property. Then came yearnings for my native soil. I have returned, as you see, not as I departed, but poor and careworn."

While Nicholas was speaking, Hetty's mind was filled with conflicting emotions. At length, extending her hand frankly, she said:

"I feel that I was too hasty, Nicholas. I should have tried you longer. But, at least, I may repair my injustice. I have enough for us all. You shall come and live with me."

"I can only accept your generous offer on one condition," said Nicholas.

"And what is that?"

"That you will become my wife."

A vivid flush came over Miss Hetty's countenance. She couldn't think of such a thing, she said. Nevertheless, an hour afterwards the two united lovers had fixed upon the wedding day.

The house does not look so prim as it used to. The yard is redolent with many fragrant flowers; the front door is half open, revealing a little girl playing with a kitten.

"Hetty," said a matronly lady, "you have got the ball of yarn all over the floor. What would your father say if he should see it?"

"Never mind, mother; it was only kitty did it."

Marriage has filled up a void in the heart of Miss Hetty. Though not so prim, or perhaps careful as she used to be, she is a good deal happier. Three hearts are filled with thankfulness at every return of Miss Henderson's Thanksgiving day.—Yankee Blade.

—Goodfello—"Here's your health, old fel. By the way, what is that knot in your handkerchief for?" Jollifello—"Hem! That is to remind me that I've sworn off." Goodfello—"But you just this minute took a drink." Jollifello—"Y-e-s. Fact is, I never see the knot till I take out my handkerchief to wipe my mouth."—N. Y. Weekly.

—John Brunner, who died recently near Morgantown, Pa., lived on the dividing line between Berks and Chester counties, the line running through his bed-chamber, and it was his boast that he always slept with his head in one county and his feet in another.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" exclaimed Qui Fassett, throwing himself at full length on the lawn, "shall I ever be able to sell those lots."

Mr. Fassett was a real estate lawyer, of the firm of Fassett, Peralium & Percy. His office was in the city, his home during the summer was in the country. Mr. Fassett's father had been a lawyer, too, when he lived. While Fassett was a mere child the old gentleman bought a parcel of vacant land in the upper part of the city, which had, until then, been a farm, taking title in the name of his son, saying to himself: "when Qui grows up this may do him some good, and, as it cost me so little, I might as well tie up the title for the boy and let the land lie vacant.

On coming of age Qui Fassett (he always signed himself "Q. Fassett") had an opportunity to sell his land for a great advance on what the elder Fassett paid, but the old gentleman advised against it. "There's nothing like real estate for investment, my son—nothing like real estate!" he used to say to Qui; and so Qui, although he had frequent offers for his land, always wanted a little more than any one would pay, a policy in which he was encouraged by the fact that every subsequent offer was higher than his previous demand.

When Qui Fassett threw himself on the lawn and made the exclamation with which this narrative opens, he had just refused the latest offer. An enterprising builder wanted the land and had offered Mr. Fassett $8,000 a lot. Although this was more than a hundred times what his father paid for the land, and twice what he offered to take five years before, and $1,000 more than he tried to get twelve months ago, Qui Fassett was not satisfied. He now wanted $9,000, "for," said he, "if this property has increased in value $1,000 a lot the past year, why should it not increase $1,000 next year?"

But the builder was stubborn. "I am anxious to put up a row of houses there," he said, "because I know they will sell readily, and as my capital is lying idle and most of the men I usually employ are out of work, I want to get at the job at once. But I can't afford to give more than eight thousand; even at that figure I take a big risk. Better let me have the lots."

"No," replied Mr. Fassett, "nine thousand or no trade."

"All right," said the builder, extending his hand, "then I must say, 'good bye,' and run along for the train. I'll have to hunt up some other lots."

"Don't believe you can do any better," said Mr. Fassett, shaking the builder's hand. "No one wil sell lots in such a locality for any less."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," rejoined the builder; "and then I'll have to put off the job until things get in better shape. But I am sorry for the men, and that's a fact. Why, if I could get those lots, I'd have 500 at work in a week."

"What a philanthopist you are, to be sure," said Mr. Fassett good naturedly; and the two men parted, the builder to go to his train and Mr. Fassett to stretch himself on his cool lawn, and exclaim, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! shall I ever be able to sell those lots?"

For a while Mr. Fassett mentally speculated in his vacant lots, but before he knew it he was watching the movements of a flock of crows in a neighboring field, thinking of their free and easy life, noting that the scarecrow did not frighten them at all, and wondering if they had any of the carking cares that worry men. In a moment, almost unconsciously, he said aloud:

"I wish I was a crow!"

Well, you are," came in croaking tones from the branches of the tree over his head.

"What in thunder is that?" inquired Mr. Fassett, somewhat startled for a man usually so cool.

"I am a crow, too," the croaking voice replied.

"Oh you are, are you? Well, what do you mean?" asked Mr. Fassett.

"You said you wished you were a crow, and you are," was repeated.

It suddenly dawned upon Mr. Fassett that he had fallen asleep, and the absurdity of his little dream made him laugh outright.

But what a laugh! It frightened him as he heard it. Instead of the round, hearty, whole-souled laugh to which his friends were accustomed, and which was not without music to his own ear, he heard nothing but a croaking—"aw! aw! aw!"

Mr. Fassett raised his hand to his face to assure himself that he was really awake, and from sheer awkwardness tangled his claw in his feathers. In extricating the claw and smoothing his ruffled coat, he saw himself as he was, and realized that indeed he had become a crow.

The crow in the tree had been watching Fassett's movements with amused interest, and now asked him if he would like to join the flock. Almost before he knew it Qui's wings were outspread, and he was fluttering upward. Alighting on the branch along side of his new friend, he asked what he was doing there.

"Watching this tree," said the crow.

"What for?"

"To keep crows from building nests here."

"Much obliged to you," said Fassett, "for taking so much care of my property."

"Your property!" said the crow, "well I guess not! Aw! aw! aw! that is rich! Your tree! Why this tree belongs to old Jim Crow. He's down South now. Didn't come up with the rest of the crows. Too lazy to fly such a distance. Don't you know that this is the best tree for building crows' nests in all this section?"

"It is, eh? Well, why in thunder do you keep crows from building nests in it, then?"

"You are green. You don't seem to know as much as you did when you were Q. Fassett, Esq. I'm an officer of the law, I am; an officer of crow law, and old Jim Crow owns this tree, and if the law didn't protect him every crow would want to build a nest in its branches and not pay old Jim any thing for it. That's why I'm here. I guess I know my duty. My number is 2061, and if you want to know any thing about me you just go over to the station house. May be you'd like to build a nest here yourself. Well, you just try it on and I'll run you in so quick it'll make you dizzy."

"Well," said Mr. Fassett, meekly, "I thought I owned this tree, but if it belongs to Mr. James Crow I wish you would tell me how he came to own it."

"That's easy enough. He bought it from another crow. Ask me something harder."

"How did the other crow get it?"

"His grandfather gathered twigs and built a nest in it once, and the family has kept a policeman here ever since," replied the crow with an air that said as plain as plain could be, "that settles it," and Mr. Fassett's knowledge of the law assured him that it did settle it.

The two crows were silent for a time. Fassett's thoughts reverted to his interview with the builder, and he had just begun to wonder whether he would ever sell those lots when his companion told him he mustn't be loitering there, but move on. So Fassett moved on. Spreading his wings he was surprised to find how easily he sailed through the air. Passing over the corn field he recognized his hired man and flew toward him, but his hired man let fly a charge of bird shot, which whistled past Mr. Fassett and assured him that his hired man made up in vigilance for what he lacked in marksmanship.

Taking flight again, Fassett went in the direction of a large tree in the forest, where he expected to alight; but just as he reached it a whole flock of crows flew at him from the branches, croaking, "scab! scab! scab!"

Not understanding what this meant, Fassett continued in his course, when the crows rushed upon him, and but for the timely interference of two other crows, policemen as he afterward learned, Mr. Fassett would have been denuded of every feather on his body. As it was, he nearly lost the use of one eye. But he had the satisfaction of seeing the ringleaders of his assailants taken before a magistrate, a half-demented old crow, who administered severe punishment, after lecturing the offenders on the freedom of labor and the criminality, not to say heartlessness, of preventing any crow from working for a living.

All this seemed very strange to Mr. Fassett, who was not yet familiar with crow usages, but he subsequently learned that the tree toward which he was going was a great manufactory of crow nest materials, and the crows that worked there were on strike. They mistook him for a scab, and hence the trouble.

By this time Fassett was quite hungry, and curiously enough his appetite suggested worms as a tempting bill of fare. So he flew down to a corn field, and was scratching away, when a flock of strange crows ordered him off.

"But I am hungry," said Mr. Fassett.

"No doubt of it," said the leader of the crows; "but why don't you work for a living like an honest crow."

"Do crows work for a living?"

"Of course they do. How do you suppose they get a living?"

Mr. Fassett thought a good many of them got a living by stealing his seed corn, but remembering that he was a crow himself he didn't say so. He only asked what they worked at.

"Some of them make up nest materials, some gather the materials, some collect corn, some build nests, some guard the trees that belong to absent crows, and some guard worm preserves," replied the crow boss. "If you are really an honest crow," he continued, "and want to make a living, you can join my flock and I'll give you a job."

"What's the pay?" asked Mr. Fassett, falling in with the humor of this conceit.

"A worm three times a day and a place to roost."

"Mr. Fassett accepted the job, and found that the principal duties of the flock were to guard the worm preserves of his boss from the invasions of other crows. He was required in addition to gather worms for the boss' meals, and whenever he found a grain of corn or other non-perishable food to carry it to the boss' warehouse in the trunk of a large tree in the forest. He came near getting into serious trouble once with the crow authorities by eating a grain of corn that he found; but the boss refrained from making a complaint on account of Mr. Fassett's ignorance of crow law.

At night Mr. Fassett roosted with the rest of the flock on the limb of a tree, in which the boss and his family had a comfortable nest. Fassett found that the crow he worked for was not the worst of birds; but he got tired of three worms a day and nothing but the limb of a tree to roost on, in return for hard work, and one day he told the boss that he was going to leave and look after himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]